

BEDOUINS OF JORDAN.

EACH MIGRATORY TRIBE HAS A SHEIK OR PRINCE.

Interesting Characteristics of These Sons of the Desert—A Trip on Horseback—How They Live.

During the last month I have ridden on horseback more than four hundred miles through Palestine and Syria on my way to Asia Minor.

On this long tour, with the aid of an excellent dragoman, I have not only been enabled to visit the principal cities and towns of these historically interesting countries, of which I have written, but I have had occasion to study the habits and customs of the wild Bedouin tribes that live their unsettled lives in these valleys and along these mountain slopes.

On the western side of the Jordan River there are many of these roving bodies of men, women and children, divided into different family tribes, but on the eastern side of the river there are only a few tribes, much larger than the others and very much wilder.

Each tribe has a sheik or prince, who is final authority on all questions and often has the power of life and death. This office is hereditary, as a rule. When an election is necessary it is usually unanimous, and must be endorsed by the Government at Constantinople.

The head of each tribe is legally required to pay the Sultan a Turkish pound (nearly \$5) for each man who is able to go to war, which amount, paid yearly, rids these men from military duty under the Government. Certain districts of country are allotted these tribes, where their tents and herds are usually found, but frequently they roam in other parts of the land, carrying on their independent raids until they are driven into their own regions by Turkish guns.

HOW THEY LIVE.

Their tents are generally made of the hair of goats, ingeniously woven, and their food consists nearly altogether of bread made into thin wafers, looking very much like sheets of sandpaper, butter made from the goat and buffalo cow, and fish, which abound in all the streams.

The Bedouins are natural born robbers, and it is always unsafe for any one to pass through their country unguarded.

A few months ago a party was visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea with the usual guard, but four of the number separated from the others, and in less than two hours they were seized and robbed of their horses, money and clothing. A most pitiable sight they were, I am told, when they reached their tents after night.

Mr. Rolla Floyd, who is the only American dragoman in Palestine and Syria, entertained me several days by a recital of some of his experiences during a thirty years' stay in the country.

Not long since, while accompanying a number of ladies and gentlemen through the desert in the neighborhood of ancient Shechem, a noise was heard in the hills near by, and, on turning, he found they were being surrounded by forty or fifty Bedouins, headed by their sheik. Of course there was great terror among the party, and for a while Mr. Floyd was stricken with fear. But a fortunate thought occurred to the dragoman. It is a custom among these wild tribes to befriend any one who is in trouble if he reaches the sheik, and, seizing his belt, he exclaimed: "I am your guest."

Not long since, while accompanying a number of ladies and gentlemen through the desert in the neighborhood of ancient Shechem, a noise was heard in the hills near by, and, on turning, he found they were being surrounded by forty or fifty Bedouins, headed by their sheik. Of course there was great terror among the party, and for a while Mr. Floyd was stricken with fear. But a fortunate thought occurred to the dragoman. It is a custom among these wild tribes to befriend any one who is in trouble if he reaches the sheik, and, seizing his belt, he exclaimed: "I am your guest."

When I was suddenly approached by a band of these barbarians at 10 o'clock at night in the wild country east of the Jordan, by the moonlight I saw that there was no belt to seize. All of them were clothed in single and unadorned garments I resorted to another device which proved just as effective, though not so dignified, and which put me quite a distance from them in a very short time.

Mr. Carey, whose life-long residence in Palestine and Syria, furnishes him with a fund of information on this subject that is possessed by few, gave me an account of a personal episode with the Bedouins which illustrates their exceeding kind heartedness after they have robbed you of everything that they can lay their hands on.

Mr. Carey left his home in Nabulus on a missionary tour among the mountains once owned by the tribe of Reuben, east of the Jordan river. After crossing the stream he had not gone many miles when he was surrounded by a score of these men, who, lifting him off his horse, stripped him of his clothing and while he sat on a cool rock near by and watched the performance they examined carefully all the garments, ripping open the linings of his coat, and after they had taken everything, even his pocket knife, they informed him that he could go his way.

SENT ON HIS WAY.

As it was now late in the evening he told them that he could not continue his journey after dark without losing his way, and requested that they take care of him until the next morning. They immediately and gladly agreed to do this, helped him on his donkey, led the way through the valley to the place of their encampment, cooked his food, listened most attentively while he told them Bible stories, tucked him in bed and started him on his journey the next day with everything that he had when he met them, except his money and other things in his traveling bag that they could possibly use.

It seems that the belt trick is not

known among the inhabitants of Reuben's ancient province. I had occasion to visit one of their encampments, but it is impossible for me to picture adequately their mode of living.

Each family in the general family tribe occupies a small tent of one room, which is the sleeping, cooking and working apartment. The floor is the bare ground, which in a few cases may be partly covered by bits of dirty goat-hair cloth.

The eating is done in front of the tents, where the family sits in a semicircle, using their palms as plates and fingers as forks. A peculiarly distasteful butter, churned from the milk of the goat, and buffalo cow, is their chief means of support, and as a rule they reside in one locality not more than two months.

They claim a direct descent from Abraham, who, they insist, a wealthy sheik of a large tribe—Baltimore Sun.

What is Life?

What is life? A subject inexhaustible. We come into life, not of our own choice, but by the will of the Almighty, Creator of all life. We look upon the foliage which appears with the warm rays of sunshine in the spring of the year; and then, in turn, when shivering blasts of winter come, all that has been life withers and dies to all external appearances. But, is that life extinct? No, not dead—just sleeping, cared for by the Ruler of the Universe. So would I liken the human life to that of the slumbering foliage. We live and for a purpose; we die and for a purpose. Man, the superior of all that has life, endowed with all our ever-loving God can give to the human life, or that which we may wish for, unless it be a keener sight so that we may penetrate the clouds and the heavens, that we might see beyond the scope of our present comprehensions. It would be needless to add, that would bring about a chaos unwelcome, indeed. Therefore, we are not content to live, but to live is not all that we were intended for. There is a wide field in that to make life what we live for. We see the infant in the mother's arms fondled with all the love and care that only a mother can give, that the little one may live to become a useful member of the community and a comfort to the parent; and yet, without a moment's warning, the innocent babe, too young to have sinned, withers and dies, like the foliage, gone back to mother earth again—and this we call life.

We see the young just entering upon their career in life, with such bright prospects; some wandering far from the path which they might have trod with honor—a life's long sorrow to the loving parents. This, we call life, but it must be said, without living. Then, again, there are those who seem never to wander from the right path, with success just within their grasp, the promise of a long and useful life, a benefactor to their fellow-beings; when, at last, that little spark which is called life, suddenly begins to flicker, and goes out, like a strip of a tree snapped in twain by the winds, as though it were but a reed. The aged parent weeps, and we wonder, what is life? when all that we love is taken from us and returned to earth again. Then, in more sober thoughts, we draw upon our imagination, the picture of an ideal life. They who bring sunshine into every home and whose very presence seems to illuminate the darkness of the unfortunate by seeking the careworn and needy, bestowing beneficence with a liberal hand. Happy are they in their good doing.—D. W. D.

For Jawsmithe.

It men would do less talking about the crops and attend to the business that is at their doors, trade would look up. This habit of jawing about prospects has grown upon us until every old lum in the country philosophizes, looks wise and calculates the amount of money that will be put into circulation when the crop begins to "move." Half the people now-a-days expect a good crop to collect their bad accounts, sell their worn out stock and in many ways atone for bad business principles and management. The world is full of philosophers and speculators. That is why it is so full of failures. It is pleasant to philosophize, and it gives one such satisfaction to display one's power of disquisition. Men will talk in hour and a half on why or how a thing should be done, but will not spend fifteen minutes trying to do it. If talk was worth anything, such wonders would have been accomplished in this old world that we would have had the millennium long ago. But talk is cheap. It is the man who "says nothing but says wood" who accomplishes most, for himself and others. The man who minds his business, whether he drives a soap-grocery cart or controls a railway syndicate, is doing more for this world than a million of loud-mouthed philosophers that blather about "prospects," whether from the lofty eminence of a work bench or from the calm seclusion of a bank desk.

Was Once an Athlete.

"You would never think, to look at me," remarked Father Hines, the Woodland prelate, as he slapped the front of his vest and surveyed an expansive girth, "that I was once an athlete. Yes, sir; it is a fact. I once performed a feat that could barely be duplicated. It was in Virginia City during the bonanza days. A couple of men were engaged in a duel with revolvers on the main street in front of the express office. I was in the office. At the first shot broken glass fell all around me. I saw the express agent dodge behind the safe, and I thought that would be about the best place for me, but I had to climb over a partition 9 feet high to reach the safe. I got there, but I never knew how. I tried to climb that partition when the shooting was over, and I couldn't jump high enough to grasp the top of it with my hands."

At Rehearsal.

Stage Manager—I thought I told you to hire only handsome men as supes? Assistant—Well, so I did. "Why, three of them have carryot hair and the rest turn up noses!" "Well, they're vegetable supes, you know."—Kate Field's Washington.

ASBESTOS DECORATIONS.

Many Handsome Ceiling Designs in the Inflammable Material.

Hitherto that invaluable substance asbestos was familiar to us only in the grate of the gas stove. Its advantages in that direction are undoubted, but there are a thousand and one other uses to which it may be put.

Asbestos can be reduced to a pulp, and from it can be made a very good quality of writing paper, invaluable for deeds, records, charters and such things as must be kept for many years. Heavy cardboard is also made. Boxes made from cardboard can be used for the preservation from fire of valuable papers.

One of the last applications of asbestos is to the manufacture of wall-paper. This does away with the tedious lathing and plastering. One coat of the asbestos plaster laid on the bricks themselves and smoothed over will give a smooth, hard wall, through which neither cold nor heat can penetrate.

Decorations for ceilings are also made of asbestos. Many designs are now obtainable. They are found in many large ocean steamships, where it is desirable to secure beauty with immunity from fire.

Mrs. Stowe's Spiritual Life.

An American journal prints a letter written by Harriet Beecher Stowe shortly before her mental failure. Its chief value is in the suggestion that her withdrawal from a mental power was a withdrawal into a world of light behind the veil. Onlookers, in many such cases, see the painful and pathetic side; but, as in death, the so-called "sufferer" is often drifting into light and peace; and, truly, if this is only illusion it is a very merciful and blessed illusion, and a good thing for us to know. Here is the letter:—

"I am come to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the River of Death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness day and night for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes had in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life, and with Christ, and multitudes of holy ones; and the joy of it is like no other joy—it can not be told in the language of the world. What I have then I know with absolute certainty, yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, heart beats to heart, soul answers soul, we respond to the infinite love, and we feel his answer in us, and there is no need of words."

By the way, the article in this month's "Atlantic Monthly" by her friend, Annie Field, gives many beautiful glimpses of her in the days of her "fading away." She seemed, in truth, fading into sunshine. The brain had "almost ceased to act," but, says Miss Field:—

"She has become 'like a little child,' wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns; but the busy, in-spring spirit is asleep. Gradually she is fading away, shrouded in this strange mystery, hovered over by the untiring affection of her children, sweet and tender in her decadence, but 'absent.'"

What a delicious suggestion of passing beyond the veil, not to death, but to radiant life!—Light, London.

Changes in Southern States.

Almost any sort of a surprise may be looked for Louisiana, Kentucky, Florida, Alabama, and Maryland, Delaware and West Virginia—if we may call them Southern States—are all deeply interested. They, all of them, have vast interests in common with their Northern neighbors. The processes of party disintegration have for several years been going on within all these Commonwealths, leaving the individual voter of the South free to today to cast his ballot according to his own judgment than ever before. As indicating changes which have already taken place, the fact may be mentioned that at a large gathering of Southern men at a West Virginia resort recently, a straw vote showed 92 against the free silver platform and 8 for it. The free silver platform is a new thing on the other side. The Southern States have it in their power this year to relegate the old sectional issues to the past and forever to take their stand with the rest of the country upon the living questions of the day in such a manner and with such emphasis as to make their influence most beneficially felt. We believe the November returns will show several of them ranging up alongside the North with majorities for sound money and the advancement of American industry.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TRACK OF A SAND WAVE.

It is Creeping Slowly Over Woods and Farms in Northern New York.

Between Carthage and Stirlingville, in Jefferson county, N. Y., there is a stretch of country where the sand drifts like snow, making great banks and blinding the eyes of those who look upwind. It is a desolate, barren region, where the soil is only as deep as the roots of the grass.

Some time or other cattle turned loose to pasture on the southwest side of a high hill there made a trail along the face of it. Their hoofs wore through the thin soil, and the wind caught up the particles of sand and sent them spinning up the hillside. Tracks of this old trail may still be seen down the hollow, but most of it has been blown away. The whole hill is being down grade toward the house of one of the three shanty settlers along the road. It is certain to bury the house some day under a wave of sand, from 25 to 35 feet high.

The old Alexandria road is covered in one place with the sand to a depth of three feet. The wagon that passes over the road in the morning leaves a deep rut where the wheels sank in. The tread of the horses is heavy, but at night the sand has sifted in, and there remains scarcely a sign of travel.

The great wave of sand kills everything before it, buries the fences, and

covers the stumps and bushes. Some roots and sticks show through, telling where the bushes have been. A patch of woods beyond the reach of the main wave has a fence along its southern face over a hill that slopes down among the trees. A fairly level stretch leads from the foot of the hill to the south. On this level sandy spots show. Behind the fence is a bank of sand, the smother from the sand patches down on the level. The woods, the hollow, in which they lie, and the spring will be buried before long by the hill.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHEST.

A Physical Culture Teacher Tells How to Keep Well.

"Take care of your chest," said the physical culture teacher within the hearing of a New York Sun reporter. "And the rest of your body will take care of itself. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised and your head, spine, shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parent and teachers used to be 'Throw your shoulders back!' But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body. The chest is the seat of all things spiritual, elevating and ennobling. Bring it into prominence once and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature."

"It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain-worker, his head is sure to be thrust well forward, but if he preserves a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body. It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in this way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say, 'Oh, how happy I am!' with sunken chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good, long breath when he says anything optimistic, and brave, for he doesn't might just as well say, 'Have mercy on us miserable sinners.' The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the 'blues' or like malady than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scares away all the bugaboos of pessimism."

Personal Sarcasm Generally Don't Pay.

There is a great temptation to people somewhat gifted in that direction to indulge in sarcasm; and it sometimes requires considerable determination to resist doing it, but as a general rule it don't pay.

When I first entered good old Dartmouth college I was appointed to represent our class in a debate with a member of each of the other classes, and the Junior, opposing disputant, thought he would (and did) make considerable laughter at our expense, by quoting Milton's "Paradise Lost."

He finally closed by saying that "for an angel, I had accomplished very little in the way of argument."

I brought down the house with cheers by simply replying that "I believed I had accomplished one thing, that had never been accomplished but once before in the history of the world, and that was when an angel opened the mouth of Talisman's ass."

During the rest of his college course it was not uncommon to hear him called out to the foot-ball ground, "Go it, Talisman."

"But he never spoke to me again from that day, and probably remembered it against me all the rest of his life."

Sarcasm, generally don't pay, unless it be of the pleasant kind used by an Irishman to his employer—a coal dealer—who proposed to discharge him because "he couldn't learn him anything."

"Well, I've learned one thing since I've been with you," said Pat. "What's that?" "That eighteen hundred make a ton."

Pat was retained.—Geo. T. Angell.

Ice Cream in Japan.

The little brown men of the Mikado have just as sweet a tooth as their white cousins across the sea, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. They are very fond of American candy, when they can get it, but our cheapest candy is so dear to them that they cannot afford to buy more than half a cent's worth at a time. Nevertheless, they make their own candies and sweets, and some of them are very nice.

They have an ice cream which is cooler and perhaps more healthful than that which we make ourselves. It requires no machinery and no cooking. It is made for you on the street corners of Japan while you are looking. The dealer has in a box any number of chunks of ice. You give him an order and he takes out a clear, clean piece, half as large as the fist, and with a coarse iron grater rubs the ice into a thin snow, which falls into a cup or goblet. He rubs up enough ice to about half fill the vessel, throws over the top of it a spoonful of powdered sugar, and squeezes into it the juice of half a lemon.

He hands the vessel to you, with a spoon, and you can eat it in whatever style you like. You can mix it up and it becomes like water ice, or you can pick out the ice and sugar together and consume that separately. In the place of lemon you can have, according to the season, lime, orange, pineapple, mulberry, cherry, tea and coffee. For a small cup of this simple but pleasant delicacy the charge is two cents, and for an eggcup full, one cent.

What is Needed.

"It isn't pneumatic tires that we need," he said as he picked himself up.

"Not a bit of it," he answered.

"Might I ask what is wanted?" she asked.

"Possibly a wheel that is pneumatic throughout!"

"Not at all," he interrupted. "My experience teaches me that what is really needed is something in the line of pneumatic riders. The fact that the machine has an air cushion doesn't help me any when I take a header."

THE CLAIM WAS MET.

An Old Man's Prayer and How It Was Answered.

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be a little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls his 'home.' But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"The old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I ask, whom did he address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"And he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting room, and there on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world just like my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking again, when she said: 'Come, father, now begin. I am all ready.'"

Down on his knees by her side went the old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge, and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and how he trusted in His mercy to bring upon them they should not rebel against His will. Of course it was going to be hard for them to go on homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and oh, how different it might have all been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole out from under the coverlet, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he felt comforting himself with the fact that the good Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God's blessing on those about to demand justice."

Then the lawyer continued more slowly than ever: "And I believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night, than to stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a persecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to Him. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me most. You see I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer, I am sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, uneasily, "I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God Almighty intended. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way.' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the client, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer.

THE ORIGINAL JACK HORNER.

He Really Existed and Got a "Plum," but Was Not a Good Boy.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue.

When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests the title deeds of the Abbey of Melles were demanded by the crown. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents—the finest filling a pie had— and entrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended.

But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small.

So the boy broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering how it could have found its way there tied up in pastry, and arrived in town.

The parcel was delivered, but the

title deeds of Melles Abbey were missing.

The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks.

But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.—San Francisco Examiner.

VASTNESS OF ST. PETERS.

It Produces Almost the Effect of Terror on the Mind.

The building is so far beyond any familiar proportions that at first sight all details are lost upon its broad front. The mind and judgment are dazed and staggered. The earth should not be able to bear such weight upon its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table. On each side the colonnades run curving out like giant arms, always open to receive the nations that go up there to worship. The dome broods over all, like a giant's head motionless in meditation.

The vastness of the structure takes hold of a man as he issues from the street by which he has come from Saint Angelo. In the open space in the square and in the ellipse between the colonnades and on the steps, two hundred thousand men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse and foot and guns. Excepting it be on some special occasion, there are rarely more than two or three hundred persons in sight. The paved emptiness makes one draw a breath of surprise, and human eyes seem too small to take in all the vastness below, all the breadth before, and all the height above.

Taken together, the picture is too big for convenient sight. The impression itself moves unwillingly in the cramped brain. A building almost five hundred feet high produces a monstrous effect upon the mind. Set down in words, a description of it conveys no clear conception; seen for the first time, the impression produced by it cannot be put into language. It is something like a shock and to the intelligence, perhaps, and not a together a pleasant one, but when it is imagined beyond humanity's common measures, it may acquire an element approaching to terror. This awe-striking giant of mythology were but magnified men. The first sight of St. Peter's affords one as though, in the everyday streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high.—"St. Peter's," by Marion Crawford, in the Century for July.

THE CAR WINDOW.

It Resisted the Efforts of the "Strongest Man," But—

They were talking about car windows. It was in the smoking car of one of the Atlantic City express trains, and the man with the Trichopolis had just sat down, after a ten minutes' wrestle with a blind that wouldn't budge the sixteenth of an inch, despite his frantic efforts. The man with the five-cent straight had just finished telling the story of how he had broken his wrist one day last summer in trying to oblige a lady who wanted her window raised, which, he said, was why he always rode in smokers now, when the man with the Spanish hand-made broke in and said: "I'll never forget the time I was traveling through Wisconsin last winter. It was a trip full of incidents, and one of the most impressive of them all was the battle of one of the car window frames. It was an innocent-looking, harmless sort of thing, and it had the delicate appearance of a sickly child. Yet there wasn't a man in the crowd who could pull it down to shut out the blinding sun. We yanked it, and jerked it, and banged it until we were thoroughly engaged and exhausted, and it never budged. Finally one of the number said he'd fix the blamed thing, and he went out into another car. Presently he returned with a big, thick-set man with a determined air, whom he introduced as Herr Rocks, the famous strong man. This athletic gentleman walked up to the shade and, placing one hand upon it, gave a firm pressure. It didn't move and he put the other mighty hand upon it. Still it remained intact. Then he looked surprised and gave the thing a vigorous tug. But it seemed to be a component part of the side of the car, so firmly was it imbedded in its frame. Well, this strong man pulled and hauled until the perspiration rolled off his face in a stream, and the wooden shade didn't seem to mind a bit. He asked a few of us to go into the baggage car with him, and we did. He unpacked a big box there and rolled out a lot of iron chains and bolts, and big dumb-bells. With the assistance of some of the train hands we got these into the car. The strong man got these chains onto the obdurate shade, and with a mighty effort attached one of the dumb-bells to it. And it didn't move a speck. Another and another of the weights he fastened to that delicate-looking piece of pig-headed cabinet work, until, gentlemen, would you believe it, 1,100 pounds were pendant from the thing and yet it didn't show a sign of the strain. We took the weights off and just about that time the colored porter came along. We told him we'd give him \$5 if he'd have the shade pulled down or torn out, and you may believe me or not, but, gentlemen, he walked over to it, put one finger on it, and down it came as smooth as wax. How do I account for it? Well—"

But just then the conductor yelled "Atlantic City!" and the explanation was lost in the scramble to get out into fresh air.—Philadelphia Record.

THE POLLY OF ENFIELD.

In view of the prevailing and abiding love of Him in whose hands all power in heaven and on earth is lodged what a folly seems our unbelief! And what a sin and shame our worry. We have but the duty of the present, the provision for the morrow is our Father's care. And because he cares and wills that we should have the help that never fails His trusting children in their hour of need we can put our whole strength into the moment's work, assured that the morrow's task will never be allowed to pass beyond the morrow's strength.

SHE RULED THE NURSERY.

